



AP.

1888
1889
1890
1891
1892

2/25

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID,

Book V.

TRANSLATED INTO VERSE.

BY

W. DAWSON BROWN.

Montreal:

PRINTED BY JOHN LOVELL, ST. NICHOLAS STREET.

1864.

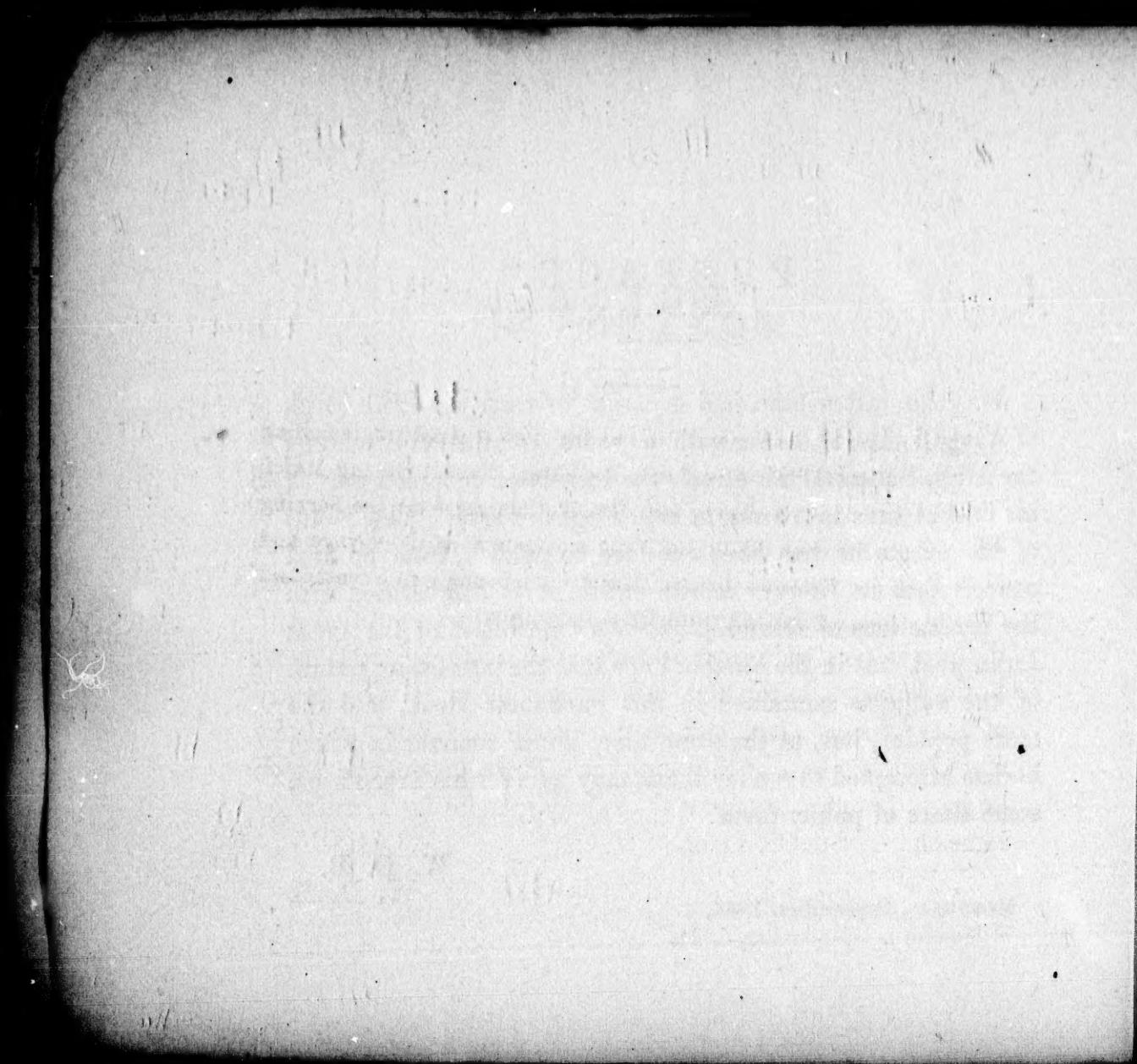
WITHDRAWN

P R E F A C E.

HAVING, last winter, had occasion to read the Fifth Book of Virgil's *Aeneid*, along with a young gentleman attending the High School of Montreal, the translator occupied part of his leisure time in turning it into English verse. The result of his efforts he has been induced to publish, from no fond conceit that its literary merits entitle it to competition with the productions of former illustrious translators of the great Latin poet, but in the humble hope that the interesting nature of the subjects contained in this particular Book, and the more popular, but, at the same time, literal manner in which he has attempted to render them, may gain for his Translation some share of public favor.

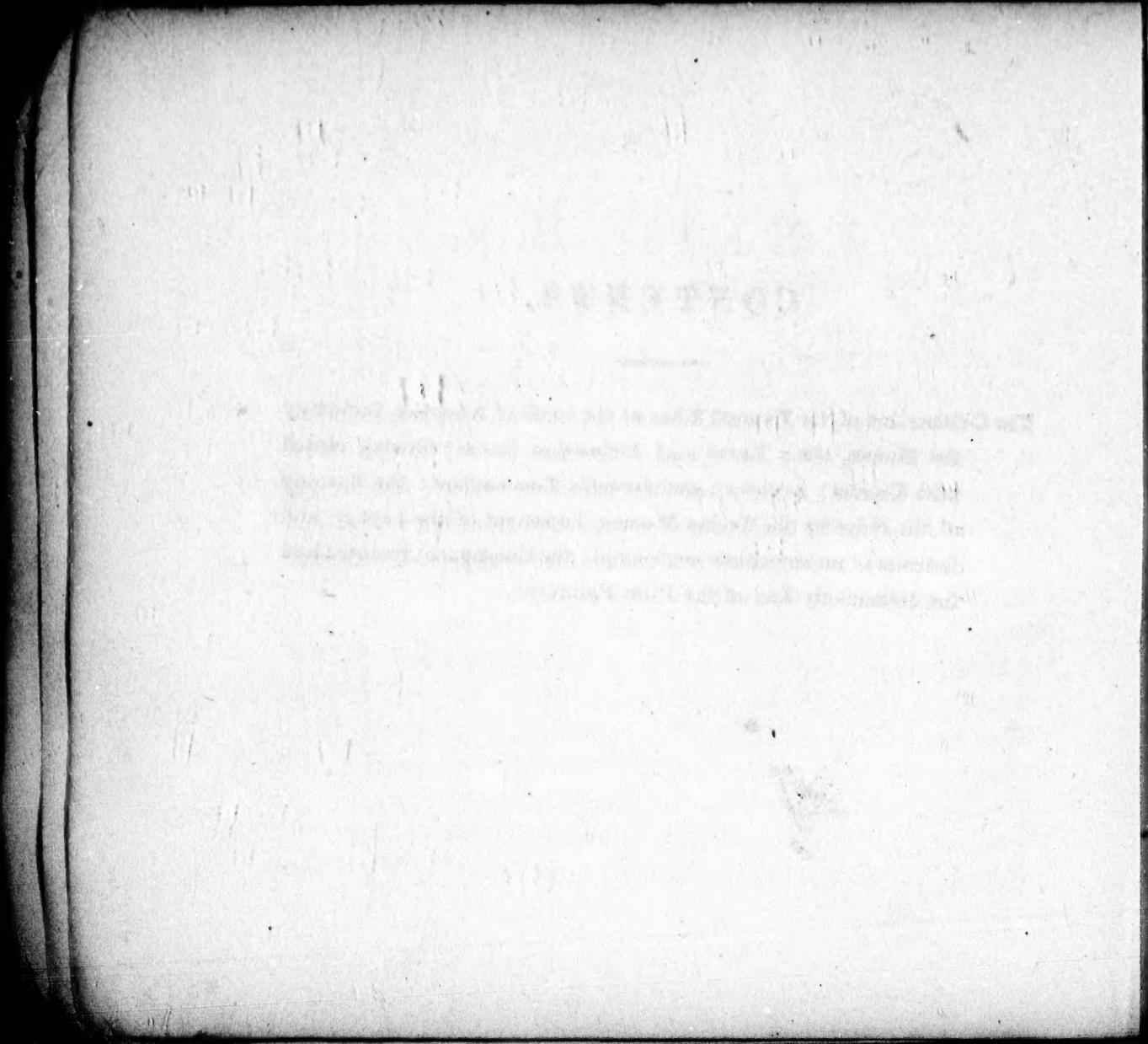
W. D. B.

MONTREAL, September, 1864.



C O N T E N T S .

The Celebration of the Funeral Rites at the tomb of Anchises, including the Games, viz.: Naval and Pedestrian Races; Boxing Match with Cestus; Archery; and Juvenile Tournament: the Burning of the Ships by the Trojan Women, impatient of the voyage and desirous of an immediate settlement: the Consequent Events: and the Melancholy End of the Pilot Palinurus.



ÆNEID, B. V.

Æneas' fleet meanwhile pursued its way,
By the winds favored, through the dark sea's spray.
Eying afar the walls that brightly glared
With * Dido's blazing pile, he onward fared,
Uncertain what the cause; but dark surmise
Gloomed from love's wrongs and injured woman's sighs.

The deep sea gained, and now the straining eye
No land could mark, on all sides sea and sky,
There to alarm o'er head a cloud arose
With darkness charged and storm, the waves with woes.
Astern the pilot Palinurus called :
Why with such gloom begirt am I appalled !
Neptune,† O father, what hast thou in store !
Thus he exclaimed, nor paused he to say more ;
But straight the sails to reef, the oars to ply,
Sidling the helm, he ordered hastily.

Great chief, Æneas, Italy to reach
With such a sky would Jove's own word impeach ;
Boldly he speaks ; the changed winds whistle thwart,
Borne wildly forth from yon dark western part ;
To cloud the air compressed. We strive 'gainst force
In vain, our prows still pointed to the course ;
By fortune vanquished let us timely yield,
And turn the prows to the betokened field.
Not distant far can be the friendly shore
Of brother Eryx, visited before,
If the stars noted then I rightly trace.
Pious Æneas tendered thus his grace :
The winds I see have long been boding so ;
Bootless to strive against ; thither then go.
Reverse the helm. What land to me more dear,
Whither more wished our wearied barks to steer,
Than which Acestes, Troy's great son, contains ;
Father Anchises, too, thy dear remains ? *This said, they for Trinaerian* harbors sail.
Favoring their course bland zephyrs now prevail ;
The excited fleet is borne along the swell,
And soon they reach the strand, ah ! known too well.

From neighboring mountain's brow Acestes spied
The advent, wondering : friendly ships, he cried,
And hasted down to greet : of hideous air,
Bristling with darts and skin of Libyan bear :
Yet him a Trojan mother had bestowed,
Fruit of their love, on fluviaitic God,
Crimisus stream. He, mindful of his race,
Hails their return with patriotic grace,
Gladly with rustic splendor entertains,
And soothes with hospitable cheer their pains.

When the bright morn had chased the stars from heaven,
Æneas' summons to his friends was given ;
From all the shore to assembly they were pressed ;
Whom from a rising ground he thus addressed :
Great race of Dardanus,* from blood divine,
The rolling months the annual orb define
Completed, since we mourning stowed away
The ashes and the bones, from upper day,
In earth—the relics of my godlike sire,
And altars reared as funeral rites require.
Unless deceived, this is the very day ;
Which I shall deem as mournful alway,

Honored alway: ye Gods have so decreed !
To spend it if in exile forced by need
Where the Getulian shallows spread their snare ;
Or, by Argolic sea caught, forced to fare
In Greek Mycenæ's walls ; my vows no less,
By foes beset, in exile and distress,
I still would pay, the solemn dues fulfil,
And load with wonted gifts the altars still ;
But now we visit, not against desire,
The very bones and ashes of my sire ;
And not, I think, without the will and care
Of Gods, we now to friendly ports repair.
Bestir ye then : let one and all unite,
Duly to celebrate each grateful rite.
Winds let us ask of him to speed our way,
And favor ; that we soon may see that day,
Our city built, when annual pomps we'll frame
In temples dedicate to his own name.
Oxen, in number for each vessel two,
Æcestes Troy-descended gives to you.
Enjoy the feasts, but let both Gods preside,
Our and our host's Penatès* side by side.

Moreover, when to man Aurora* brings
The ninth bright day upon her radiant wings,
And gives the world to light,—to Trojans I
Will first propose the naval race to try :
And whosoe'er in speed of foot prevails,
Or who in strength exults, or proudly sails
Superior at the javelin or bow,
Or of crude cæstus who would dare the blow,—
Let all be present and expect their share
Of victory's merited rewards to bear.

Now, with due reverence favor me, and bind
With wreaths your brows : this said he to remind,
And with the sacred myrtle† veils his head.
This Elymus, this old Acestes did ;
The boy Ascanius‡ this ; whom, as became,
The other youths observing did the same.

Then by the multitude accompanied
From the assembly to the tomb he hied,
In centre of large retinue : and here,
With service due two goblets of wine mere
He pours upon the ground ; and, of each two,
New milk and sacred blood ; dark flowers he threw,

And thus he speaks: hail! sainted parent: hail!
Ye ashes, once more gained without avail;
Spirit and shade paternal! Unto me
'Twas not allowed to seek along with thee
The Italian confines and the fated land,
Nor yet Ausonian Tiber's doubtful strand—
This had he said, when lo! before his eyes
A slippery serpent and of monstrous size,
From the recesses forth, did full display
Seven arcs, the seven promoters of its way,
The tomb encircled peacefully, and through
The altars glided; of its back the hue
Streaked with dark azure; of its scales the sheen
Gold-spotted: so, upon the dark cloud seen,
With all its various colors gay displayed
Against the sun, the rainbow is arrayed.
Æneas was astonished at the sight.

Creeping at length through goblets and cups bright,
With a long trail, it partook of the meats
And again harmless 'neath the tomb retreats,
Leaving the tasted altars. He the more,
For this, renews the rites, begun before,

In honor of his sire ; if it to deem
The Genius of the place or, as 'tweould seem,
His father's messenger, uncertain still.
After the custom he proceeds to kill.
Five sheep, as many swine and dark backed steers ;
From goblets pours out wine, and, checked his tears,
The great Anchises' spirit he invites,
And *manes*, freed from Acheron,* to the rites.
His friends no less, right freely, as each may,
Bring gifts, the altars load, and oxen slay :
Some range the pots, and, o'er the grassy coast,
Put live coals 'neath the spits and the inwards roast.

The appointed day arrived, and with calm light
The ninth *aurora* cheered the longing sight.
Fame, and respect for great *Acestes'* name
Had called the neighbors forth ; in crowds they came
And filled the shores up : curious these to see
The Trojans, those bent on the rivalry.

The prizes first to view within the ring,
Rare tripods and green chaplets, forth they bring,
And palm the victor's guerdon ; arms ; and dress
Deeply imbued with purple's rich impress ;

Talents of gold and silver : and from mound,
To start the games, thrills out the trumpet's sound.

For the first match, to strive with sturdy oar,
The whole fleet culled, come forward vessels four.
Swift Pristis Mnestheus leads with stalwart crew,—
Mnestheus, from whom the Memmi lineage drew:
And huge Chimæra, massive in its frame
Like floating city, owns to Gyas' name ;
By Trojan youths impelled in threefold ranks,
The timed oars rising threefold as the banks :
And the large Centaur bears to strive for fame
Sergestus, whence the Sergian family name :
And the cerulean Scylla, last, conveys
Cloanthus, whence Cluentius' Roman race.

Facing the foaming shore there is a rock,
Far in the deep, which often bears the shock
Of yesty waves, submerged amid their jars,
What time the stormy Cori * hide the stars :
In calms 'tis tranquil, and the hushed waves sleep
Round its raised plain, where sea birds love to keep
Their sunny revels. Father Æneas here
Of leafy holm-oak a green goal did rear,

Whence to return the sailors warned might know,
And where to bend around the advancing prow.

Their stations then they take, which lots define,
And on the poops afar the captains shine,
With gold and purple fitly they arrayed.
The rest are decked with wreaths of poplar made,
And with their naked well-oiled shoulders gleam.
They dart into the benches like a beam,
Their sinewy arms to the oars are bent,
Upon the expected signal all intent;
And throbbing fear and keen desire of fame
Sap their heart's palpitating o'er-tasked frame.
When the shrill trumpet sounded, instant all
Shot from their stations; a cry nautical
Pierces the air; and as their arms they strain,
The dashed seas foam. They furrows cut amain;
And, by the oars and the beaks trident scarred,
In their long wake the liquid plain seems marred.
In two yoke race not so precipitate
The chariots took the plain, or so elate
Rush from the goal discharged: nor waving lines
So shook the charioteer, to lash inclines.

Then with loud shouts and the discordant sounds
Of rival favorers every grove resounds ;
The girded shores the rolling noise dilate ;
Struck by the clamor hills reverberate.

Forth the tumultuous din before the rest
Gyas escapes, foremost, yet closely pressed
Next by Cloanthus ; who with oars excelled,
But by the slow ship's lazy weight withheld.
The Pristis and the Centaur, equally
From these removed, strive for priority.
And now the Pristis leads ; huge Centaur now
Passes her beaten ; again of each the prow
To other knit, their social way they keep,
And with long keel they plough the briny deep.

The wished rock near, the goal almost attained,
The leader Gyas in mid sea complained
Against Menoetes, his ship's pilot, these :
Why to the right so far ? This course first seize ;
Cling to the shore, and let the oar's point graze
The left hand rocks : leave them the seaward ways.
He spoke ; but hidden rocks Menoetes dreading
Turned to the deep-sea waves the vessel's heading.

Whither away perverse ? keep by the shore,
Menœtes ; shouted Gyas forth once more :
And looking back, lo ! pressing on his rear
And in the closer course, Cloanthus near.
He, Gyas' ship and sounding rocks between,
Cuts the left way interior, and is seen
Quickly the whilom leader to pass by,
And, the goal turned, the safe seas occupy.
Burning with rage, and uncontrolled his tears,
The luckless youth half frantic now appears,
And, of his own propriety alike
And shipmates' safety reckless, he to strike
The slow Menœtes from the high poop deigns,
Headlong into the sea. Himself the reins
Assumes ; master and steersman both, exhorts
The men, and to the shore the helm retorts.

Heavy, from lowest depths Menœtes rose
Hardly ; no youth, and dripping with wet clothes
To the rock's summit clammers and sits down.
At him the Trojans laughed when headlong thrown ;
Again when swimming ; and anew their glee
Bursts forth at him disgorging the salt sea.

Then Mnestheus and Sergestus, hindmost, try,
By fresh hope fired, stayed Gyas to outvie.
Sergestus takes the lead, and the rock nears;
Yet not the whole ship's length before appears;
Before with part, the envious Priatis' beak
Covers a part; and Mnestheus 'gins to speak,
Pacing the deck, these stirring words to cheer:
Now! my Hectorian* band, in Troy's fate drear
Chos'en companions of my exiled way,
Now! rise upon your oars; those powers display
And courage, which Getulian shallows tried,
Ionian sea, Maleæ's stormy tide.
Foremost to be, I Mnestheus do not aim,
Nor strive I to be victor; yet, O fame!—
But be it theirs whom, Neptune, thou dost grace.
Hindmost to be, 'tis ours to deem disgrace.
So far be victors, citizens, prevent
Nefarious shame. They now are doubly bent
On the keen contest: with their vast strokes shiver
The ship's brazen sides, the sea withdrawn; and quiver,
With panting breath, their limbs and parchèd throats;
And down in streams the sweat profusely floats.

To
For
His
Wa
On
Tre
The
And
Iron
An
E
The
Of
An
As
An
Wi
Se
Re
Ou
Ou
So

To the men brings the honor wished mere chance:
For while Sergestus, eager to advance
His prow close to the shore, interior he,
Was entering wild the sought but dangerous sea,
On a protruding shelf he luckless grounds.
Trembles the rock, and with the oars' grating sounds ;
The driven prow sticks suspended ; sailors rise,
And with a baffled clamor rend the skies :
Iron-tipped stakes and pointed poles they crave,
And broken oars they gather in the wave.

But lucky Mnestheus, keener from success,
The winds invokes, and, with the hurried stress
Of all his oars, makes for the downward seas,
And, gained the free expanse, flies at his ease.
As pigeon startled in a cave, its home
And darling nestlings in the time-worn dome,
Wings its flight to the fields, and a loud crack
Sends to the roof with hasty pinions, back
Re-echoed sharp ; in its first fear : away,
Out on the still air, soon the liquid way
Onward it sails, its swift wings laid to rest.
So Mnestheus ; so itself no longer pressed,

The Pristis, in its flight, the ending course
Skims; so onward borne now by its mere force.
And, first, he leaves Sergestus struggling hard
On the high rock, in narrow shallows barred;
In vain invoking aid; on learning fixed
With broken oars to run. Then, Gyas, next,
And his immense Chimæra he o'ertakes:
She, of her pilot reft, the strife forsakes.
And only now remains, quite at the close,
Cloanthus, whom he hastens to oppose,
And, his best efforts straining, urges sore.
The clamor then redoubles on the shore;
And with their eager cheers the noisy crowd
Egg the pursuit: the sky re-echoes loud.
These scorn to lose the honor theirs and gained;
They fain would barter life for fame retained:
Success emboldens these themselves to deem
Victors; they able are because they able seem.
And, haply, they had won with equal prows,
But that Cloanthus invoked to his vows
The Gods, outstretching both hands to the sea,
And praying thus in his extremity:

Ye Gods, whose is the empire of the deep,
Along whose plains a victor's course I keep,
Joyful to you I will upon this shore
A white bull yield, the altars reared before,
Vow-bound, and forth will throw into the brine
The sacred entrails, and pour out the wine.
He spoke : from lowest depths, in their still hall,
The Nereids* heard, and Phorcus' choir, and all.
Father himself Portunus, thereupon,
With large hand pushed the running vessel on.
Than winds more swift or arrow fleet it slid
Right on to land, and deep in port was hid.

Æneas, then, to duly summoned crowd,
By crier's voice declares in accents loud
Cloanthus victor, and his temples binds
With wreath of laurel green ; and him he finds
Worthy of three picked steers, as his ship's prize,
And wine, and silver talent of great size.
But to themselves, the captains, he awards
Gifts rare. The victor, first, a robe rewards,
With gold inweaved ; round which in double row
Meandering lines of richest purple flow.

And, woven, thereon the royal boy* is seen
On leafy Ida, like to life and keen,
The swift stags urging with the chase and spear :
And him Jove's messenger does there appear
From Ida to have snatched and borne sublime
With crooked talons quick from lower clime :
In vain, their hands are stretching out on high
His aged guardians, and the hounds stand by
Wild barking to the air.—Next, as reward,
In arms at once an ornament and guard,
He gave to him, who by his merit rare
The second place had nobly won, to bear,
Of bright rings knit, and in the tissue gold,
A coat of mail ; of which, he proudly told,
Himself victorious had Demoleus spoiled,
Great Ilium† near, where rapid Simois boiled :
Of many folds, it strained his servants sore,
Phegeus and Sagaris, the gift who bore
On shrinking shoulders, yet in it incased
Demoleus of old had oftentimes chased
The straggling Trojans.—Pairs he then allots,
To the third winner, of large brazen pots,

And silver cups with figures covered o'er.

Whilst they, rewarded thus, walked proud before
The admiring crowd, and with red fillets gay,
From fatal rock Sergestus torn away
After much labor spent, of his oars shorn,
And feebly now with one bank only borne,
Came lagging on inglorious and reviled.
As oft a serpent on highway beguiled,
Which, brazen wheel, while crossing, has run o'er,
Or spiteful traveller lacerated sore
With blow of stone severe and left half dead,
Fruitless its whole length writhes to start ahead ;
Fierce with a part, keen glaring with its eyes,
Reared high its hissing neck ; part wound-bound lies,
Twisting in knots and self retarding folds.
So lamely rowed his ship its slow course holds.
Sail making, he to port glides with full sails.
Joy for the ship and friends all saved prevails,
And a fourth gift Æneas pleased bestows
On glad Sergestus, who rewarded goes
With female slave, to * Pallas' arts addressed,
Cressian Pholoë, with twin sons at breast.

This game despatched, pious Æneas, then,
Directs his way towards a grass-clad plain
Which wooded hills on all sides compassed round—
A theatre, mid vale the circus found :
Whither with many thousands to the fête
The hero sped, and there filled high his seat.
Now he invites, the prizes rich in view,
Whoe'er may wish the foot race to pursue.
From all sides Trojans with Sicilians hie.
First Nisus and Euryalus comply—
Euryalus for beauty and life's bloom—
Nisus for true love of the youth famed : whom
Diorès followed next ; a scion he
Of Priam's famous stock : him, sociably,
Salius and Patron ; of whom the one
Was Acarnanian born, and claims as son
Arcadia the other, of Tegæan race :
Then Elymus and Panopès to grace
Trinacria's youth ; accustomed to the woods,
Of old Acestes' suite : and darkness broods
On many names besides unknown to fame.
In midst of whom Æneas did proclaim :

These understand and joyfully perpend ;
None of this number I away will send
Without a gift. Two spears I will bestow
Of Gnossian make, with polished steel that glow,
And two-edged sword silver-embossed, to bear ;
This honor one and all alike shall share.
Prizes the three first shall receive, and round
With glistening olive shall their head be bound.
The first,—the horse, let him as victor claim,
With trappings rare bedit ; the second name,—
The Amazonian quiver recognize
With Thracian arrows filled, which round implies
Broad belt of gold, with clasp gem-set by art ;
The third,—with this Argive helm pleased depart.

This said : their ground they take, and, signal made,
They quickly seize the course, no longer stayed,
And leave the goal poured out like sudden shower :
The end they mark the while to guide their power.
First Nisus leads ; and, than the winds more fleet
Or wingèd lightning, he, with well plied feet,
Glances before the other figures far :
Next him, but next with long dividing bar,

Salius follows : then, a space between,
Eagerly straining after him is seen,
The third, Euryalus : and him pursues
Elymus : on whom closely lo ! ensues,
With shoulder near inclined, heel grazing heel,
Diorès ; who, more ground to run, all feel,
Gliding before the contest keen might gain,,
Or the decision doubtful might remain.

Already in the last part of the course,
They to the goal itself with weakened force
Approached, when, on slippery blood which there,
Shed from chance even slain, earth and herbs fair
Had dabbled o'er, the unlucky Nisus trips.
Here the youth, glorying as victor, slips
When pressed the soil, nor his feet gains before
He forward falls in filth and sacred gore.
But his Euryalus was not forgot,
For, rising through the slipperiness, he shot
Direct upon the line of Salius' way.
Rolled on the hard sand he, too, prostrate lay :
Euryalus darts past, and victor made
By his friend's favor, gains the foremost grade,

And flies to goal 'mid favoring claps and cheers:
Elymus next: Diorès third appears.

Then with loud clamors Salius assails

The vast assembly, nor, his chief care, fails

To pierce the fathers' ears, importunate

To have restored the honor, his so late,

Which by a trick from him was snatched away.

Favor Euryalus protects, the sway

Of graceful tears, and, more attractive seen

Budding in handsome form, virtue I ween.

Diorès too abets with clamorous speech;

Who the last palm and prize in vain did reach,

If the first honors Salius regain.

Æneas interposed: certain remain,

Young men, your prizes; no one seeks to change

The order of the palm: let me arrange

To pity the mischance of faultless friends.

This having said; to Salius, in amends,

A huge Getulian lion's hide he told,

Shaggy with fur and with claws decked of gold.—

If such the gifts that to the worsted go,

And if the fallen ye do pity so,

What fitting gift for Nisus in reserve ?
For me, who the first chaplet should deserve
Had like bad luck as Salius did befall
Not chanced to me too ; we each had a fall.
Thus Nisus spoke ; and, as he spoke, displayed
His face and limbs foul with wet filth o'erlaid.
The best of fathers smiled, and, to be brought,
Ordered a shield by Didymaon wrought,
Removed by Greeks from Neptune's sacred shrine :
This rare gift, he said, O noble youth, be thine.

The running finished and the prizes spent :
If any stout heart has, and present bent,
Let him come forward now, and raised display
His arms, hands cœstus-mailed, in the broad day.
This says he, and proposes for the fight
Two prizes : to the victor a steer, bright
With gold and garlands : conquered,—as solace,
A sword and brilliant casque his head to grace.
No pause ensues : Darès, with vast power, straight
Bears into view and, rising, stands elate
'Midst a great murmur ; who was wont alone
With Paris* to contend, and, Hector gone,

At the great hero's tomb he Butès felled—
A man of many fights and huge, who held
Himself descended from Bibrycian race,
To which the great Amycus lent a grace—
And stretched him dying on the yellow sand.
Such Darès first for battle takes his stand ;
And raises high his head ; and shoulders broad
Displays to view, formed for an Atlas load ;
And, stretching out, his arms alternate throws
And, in feigned anger, wounds the air with blows.

A match is sought, but of that great crowd none
Dares to approach the man and cœstus don.
Therefore alert, and thinking all eschewed
The palm, before Æneas' feet he stood,
Seizes the steer with left hand by the horn,
And thus speaks : If none dares, O Goddess-born,*
To risk the fight, what need of further stay ?
How long must I be kept by vain delay ?
Give your command for me to lead the prize.
The Trojans all, at same time, with loud cries
Urged that the prize be given to the man.
The grave Acestes then with words began

Entellus to chastize, who next him sat
Upon the grassy couch : Entellus, what !
Of heroes once the bravest, all in vain !
Will you permit, and patient here remain,
Such prize without a contest to be borne ?
That great god Eryx* do you now so scorn,
Of whom, as master, you were wont to boast ?
Where now your fame throughout Trinacria's coast ?
And vaunted spoils with which your walls were graced ?
To this in quick reply : not by fear chased
The love of praise or glory me has left ;
But clogging age my blood of warmth has reft
And dulled, and in my frame worn vigor fails.
If now but that, of which himself avails
This fellow here and crows—if only youth
Were mine,—by price nor gay steer moved, in sooth
I had appeared, and instant paid regard
To the summons ; I value not reward.
This having said, he in the centre cast
A pair of coestus of huge weight, time past
By the brave Eryx borne, in contests long
Unto his arms well knit with the stiff thong.

Their minds were struck with wonder ; of such size,
The oxen must have been, whose hide, seven plies,
Iron and lead inwrought, was thick and hard.
Darès the most stunned shrinks, from fight debarred.
Anchises' noble son o'er and o'er surveys
The mass itself, and huge rolls of the stays.
From heart then spoke the old man, in this wise :
What if some one of you, with these same eyes,
The cœstus of great Herculès had seen,
And arms ; at that dire fight had present been.
Which happened here upon this very shore !
Your brother Eryx once this armor wore,
Stained you see still with blood and scattered brain ;
With these 'gainst great Alcidès* he did strain :
With these I used—when better blood strength bore,
Nor yet both temples, emulous, age whitened o'er,
But, if the Trojan Darès these reject,
And should Æneas this with grace respect,
Acestes, too, my prompter deem it right,—
Let us between us equalize the fight :
The hides of Eryx I for you leave off,
Fear not : do you the Trojan cœstus doff.

This said : the double vest he from his shoulders threw,
And bared his great joints, great bones, and arms' thew ;
And in the mid arena stood immense.

Then father Anchises-born, without suspense,
Coestus of equal size brought forth to view,
And with like arms the hands knit of the two.

Forthwith, they stood upon their toes raised each,
And, dauntless, to high air their arms they reach ;
Withdrew their reared heads far back from the blow,
And mingle hand with hand and, daring, battle show.
The one of foot more lithe and in youth bold :
The other in members strong and bulk ; but old,
His dull knees faintly with his tremor shake,
And his hard breathing makes his vast joints quake.
Many the blows they interchange in vain :
The hollow side again hit and again,
And make the breast ring ; and around the ears
And temples oft the wandering hand appears ;
And the cheeks crash beneath the heavy stroke.
Entellus made a stand, nor dogged broke,
And avoids merely with quick eye the blows :
The other—as one who with great forces goes

To storm a lofty city, or invests
With arms a mountain fort, artfully tests
Now these, now those approaches, every place,
And vainly tries various assaults apace.
Entellus, rousing, his right shows, and high
Raises : the other the downward blow to shy
Watches ; and with quick body steps aside :
Entellus vents his strength on the air wide,
Nor his immense frame imminent recalls ;
Heavy, with great force heavily he falls.
On Erymanthus or great Ida so
Self-toppling, *whiles*, a hollow pine lies low
With roots upturned. Eager the youth arise,
Trojan and Trinacrian ; to the skies
Loud shouts ascend : Acestes makes a bound,
And lifts his friend coeval from the ground.
But nothing stayed, nor daunted by the plight,
The hero rallies keener for the fight.
His strength recovers as his anger towers ;
Then shame and conscious prowess fire his powers.
Through the whole ring he urging Darès goes,
With right and left alternate dealing blows :

No pause nor rest; as heavy shower of hail
On the roof rattles, so the strokes prevail;
Untired, each hand the hero frequent plies,
And beats and souses Darès in such guise.

Æneas then rage further to proceed,
Or with fell bent Entellus to exceed,
Suffered not; but the fight stopped, and away
Forced Darès spent, and soothing him, 'gan say:
Unhappy man, what madness has thy mind
So strangely seized? to foreign strength so blind!
Feel'st thou not grace reversed? To the God yield.
He said, and so withdrew him from the field.
But faithful comrades him, dragging knees faint,
His head to both sides tossing by constraint,
And clotted blood ejecting from the lips,
With the gore teeth mixed,—conduct to the ships.
Helmet and sword they that are called receive;
The palm and bull they to Entellus leave.

In high spirits, then, the victor proud and stern:
O goddess-born, and Trojans all, these learn:
What strength there dwelt within my youthful frame;
And from what death saved Darès ye reclaim.

He said, and straight confronted the gay steer,
Which, as the prize of fight, was standing near,
And, drawing back his right, the cœstus he
In centre of the horns hurls forcibly,
And, dashing through the bone, the brain out-knocks ;
Prostrate, deprived of life, down falls the ox ;
And, on the ground extended, quivering lay.
Eying it, from his breast these words find way :
O Eryx, this, than Darès better, take ;
Cœstus and art I victor here forsake.

Æneas, straight, those who with arrow swift
To strive may wish calls, and sets forth each gift.
And with a strong force raises a ship's mast,
Serestus, thine ; and, to a cord made fast,
A pigeon fleet suspends on the mast high,
Whither the pointed shafts well aimed may fly.
Men quick assembled ; and a bright casque of brass
Receives the lots thrown in their rank to pass.
And, first, before the rest with favoring shout,
Place of the son of Hyrtacus comes out,
Hypocoòn's ; next Mnestheus, having been
In ship race winner, decked with olive green ;

Eurytion third, thy brother, O renowned
Pandarus, who, erst ordered to confound
The truce, first 'mong the Greeks thy spear didst cast ;
In bottom of the helm, Acestes last,—
Even he had dared with young men to compete.

Each for himself they, then, with strength replete,
Their pliant bows bend, and from quivers take
Their arrows forth : and, heavenward first to break
From twanging string, outstrips the flying breeze
The strong shaft of the youth Hyrtacidès,
And reaches and is fixed in the mast's tree.
Trembles the mast, the scared bird timidly
Flutters its wings ; wide echoes a loud cheer.
Eager, with bended bow, Mnestheus stood near,
High aiming ; eyes and shaft alike he strained ;
But not the bird itself with steel he gained ;
He failed, alas ! in that : the knots he burst
And flaxen gyves by which, foot-bound at first,
Restrained, it hanging was from the mast's height.
It to the winds and dark clouds winged its flight.
Eurytion, then, erewhile upon bow bent
His arrow holding stretched, incontinent

His brother vow-invokes, and, in free air,
Already spied, joyous and void of care
Flapping its wings, the pigeon 'neath dark cloud
Transfixes. Down it falls dead: and in shroud
Of lofty stars its spirit leaves, and back
The fixèd arrow brings in downward track.

No hope now of the palm, Acestes sole
Remained of those who entered on the roll:
Yet, to the heavens he sent his shaft, to show
Vainly his skill, and loud twang of his bow.
Then a strange wonder, and of great portent,
Appeared—erelong revealed by dire event,
And awful seers late omens prophesied—
For, in the liquid vault, the flying reed
Blazed forth, and bright its pathway flaming traced,
And, soon burnt out, in thin air was effaced.
As unfixed stars oft shoot athwart the sky
And a long tail of fire drag as they fly.
Trinacrian and Trojan men dismayed
Stood rivetted, and to the high Gods prayed.
Nor, chief, the omen did Æneas slight;
But, when embraced, Acestes in delight

He loads with valued gifts, addressing so :
Accept, O father, for such tokens show
Olympus' mighty king has thee decreed
Distinguished honor, heaven-awarded meed.
This, even a gift of old Anchises' own,
Thou shalt possess ; a cup with figures strown,
Which Thracian Cisseus did, long time ago,
Upon Anchises, father mine, bestow
As a great gift, from him to bear away
Record of himself, and friendship's pledge alway.
This said : with laurel green his brow he binds,
And victor, chief of all, Acestes finds.
Nor did the good Eurytion envy bear,
Tho' he the bird brought down from lofty air.
Next : he comes in for prize the bird who freed ;
Last : he the mast who pierced with flying reed.

The game not yet pronouncèd at an end,
The young Iulus' guardian and friend,
Epytidès, Æneas summons near,
And these words whispers in his faithful ear :
Go quick ; and if now with him the array
Of boys Ascanius has, and the display

Of horse has arranged, him, he says, desire
To bring his troops along here to grandsire
And show himself in arms. The circus wide
He himself orders all the living tide
Infused to leave, and the ground to be clear.

The boys advance, and radiant appear
In parents' eyes alike on reinèd steeds ;
And their stately march no envy breeds :
Youths of Trinacria and of Troy all send
A cheer forth, them admiring as they wend.
A chaplet shorn, as wont, on head all wear ;
Cornel spears iron-tipped two each they bear ;
On shoulder some bright quiver ; and a chain
Of waving gold, from neck to breast, sustain.
The bands of troopers are in number three,
And, one to each, three leaders wander free ;
Two ranks of six, the boys to each attached
Show like portioned troops with like masters matched.
One battalion proud the little Priam leads,
Bearing his grandsire's name ; and who proceeds
From thee, Politus ; progeny renowned,
Destined to increase the Italians found :

Whom carries a horse Thracian, with white spots
Two-colored—white both its fore pasterns dots,
And, high curveting, white its front displays.
Over the next battalion Attys sways,
Whence sprung the Latin Atti: do appear,
Little Attys, boy to boy Iulus dear.
Last, and who all in bearing did exceed,
Iulus mounted on Sidonian steed,
Which the fair Dido him had given, to be
Memorial of herself and pledge of amity.
Trinacrian horses all the others ride,
And which the old Acestes did provide.
The Trojans 'plaud them modest, pleased to trace
The father's features in each youthful face.

When they had ridden round the assembly vast,
And their friends' eyes before had joyous passed,
Epytides the order loud to start
Them drawn up gave, and cracked his whip, apart.
Forward in line they trotted at quick pace;
And the three masters did the array deface,
Each his troop parting; and, called from dispersed,
By order given they faced about reversed,

And bore in rest their lances levelledfeat.
Then they commence from stations opposite
Diverse careers and counter in recoil;
Circuits with circuits they alternate foil;
And show the very image of a fight.
And now their backs they bare in seeming flight;
Their spears they now in hostile guise oppose;
Now they, peace made, are borne no longer foes.
As formerly in lofty Crete, 'tis said,
The labyrinth a path had, deftly made,
With dark walls intwined, and a puzzling cheat,
So numerous were the turns that did compete;
Where unmarked error, not to be retraced,
The signs of following the course effaced.
Just so the sons of Trojans their tracks foil,
And flights and skirmishes in sport embroil.
Like dolphins, that, careering in the deep,
Through the Carpathian and Lesbian sweep,
And sport confusedly in the liquid wave.
Ascanius first this mode of tourney gave,
What time Alba Longa he inwalled;
And the self-same pastime he recalled

Which he himself when sporting as a boy
And Trojan boys used with him to enjoy;
And taught the ancient Latins celebrate :
The Albans taught their sons; and hence, more late,
Great Rome received the game ancestral, and
Troy at this day 'tis called, the boys the Trojan band.

Thus far, in honor of his sire revered,
The games had passed, when fickle fortune veered.
Whilst at the tomb funereal dues they pay,
Contesting 'mong themselves in various play,
Iris from heaven, Saturnian Juno sends
To the Trojan fleet, and, as she onward wends,
Breathes favoring breezes; pondering much at heart
Nor sated yet as to her ancient smart.

The virgin goddess, hastening on her way,
The bow of many colors did display,
And, seen by none, swift down the pathway ran.
A vast assemblage she beholds; to scan
The shores she hastens, and her eyes instant greet
Deserted harbors, an abandoned fleet.
But far apart upon the lonely coast
The Trojan women wept Anchises lost;

And through their tears were gazing on the deep,
One voice to all : We truly well may weep ;
Alas ! what shallows, what extent of main
To be gone through by us worn out remain !
They crave a city ; the toils of the sea
Longer it irks to bear. This noting, she
Amongst them throws herself, not inexpert
At mischief, for every chance alert,
And, Goddess form discarding and address,
Beroë for the nonce becomes express,
Ismarian Doryclus' aged wife,
Who rank, name, sons had in her early life ;
And so 'mid Trojan matrons she appears,
And with these artful words assails their ears :
O wretched women, whom, she says, no hand
Of Greek haled to the death in native land,
Beneath your city's walls, when the war served !
O ill-fated race ! for what end reserved ?
Already has the seventh summer passed,
Since, by Troy's fall, we on the fatses were cast ;
And, seas compassed, lands of every kind,
Inhospitable rocks and climes, we find

Still we are borne along, o'er the wide sea
Pursuing, vainly, fleeing Italy,
And tossed upon the waves. Here is the coast
Of his brother Eryx ; here too his host
Acestes. Who forbids him walls to build,
A city to his citizens to yield ?
O native land ! Penates vainly saved !
On no walls shall the name of Troy be graved ?
Xanthus and Simois, Hector's own streams !
Nowhere shall I behold save in my dreams ?
But haste and burn the dismal ships with me ;
For I in sleep Cassandra's* shade did see,
Who flaming torches seemed to hand and speak :
Why restless wander, said she, here Troy seek ;
Here is your home.—Good luck would have it so ;
Such omens have no stay ; three altars, lo !
To Neptune reared ; the God himself provides
Torches, and resolution firm besides.
This saying, she hence snatched a glowing brand,
And, afar wielding in her raised right hand,
She twirls and throws. The matrons stood aghast
And stunned. Then spoke, alone of many, fast,

Pyrgo, eldest she, and, the story runs,
The royal nurse of Priam's many sons :
Not Beroë this ; not the Rhœtian spouse
Of old Doryclus, mothers ; O arouse,
And note the traces of a heavenly grace,
And the bright eyes ; what breath she has ; what face ;
Or sound of voice ; or, as she walks, the gait :
Beroë I myself have left, but late,
Sick, and repining she alone should lose
The chance to pay Anchises' rightful dues.
So she spoke : the mothers nevertheless—
Doubtful at first, and wavering no less
Betwixt the wretched choice of present site
And princely realms to which the fates invite—
Upon the ships 'gan cast malignant eyes.
The Goddess rose with poised wings through the skies,
And 'neath the clouds a huge bow cut in flight.

Then prodigies they hail, in wondrous light,
And, with fury seized, a general shout
They raise, with which all sanctities they flout ;
And from central fires wildly brands they snatch ;
Some even the altars' garnishments detach :

Green boughs, twigs, firebrands they confusedly throw.
The fire, unbridled, rages all a-glow
Through benches, oars, and painted poops of pine.
Eumelus word brings to Anchises' shrine
And theatre, that flames the ships devour;
And themselves see dark flakes fly in a shower.
And first Ascanius, in the self-same pride
In which the equestrian courses he did guide,
To the disturbed camp galloped off amain,
Nor could the astonished masters him restrain.
What new madness this? What, he cries, oh! what
Are now you wretched women driving at?
No enemy, nor camp of a Greek foe,
But your own hopes, citizens, you burn. Lo!
I am your Ascanius. At their feet
The empty helm he threw, in which complete
War's image he, but late, evoked in play.
Æneas hither, Trojans speed their way.
But they throughout the coasts, by fear shed, flee
And slink to woods, and caves if any be:
Their deed and the light grieve, now self-possessed
Their friends they know, of Juno dispossessed.

But not on that account have laid aside
The flames and burnings their still unquenched pride.
Smoulders the calking under the wet oak,
At intervals emitting tardy smoke :
The keels slow fires eat and the hulls assail ;
Nor power of man nor water's floods prevail.
His robe Æneas, then, from shoulders tore
And, hands outstretched, divine aid did implore :
Almighty Jove, if not yet to a man
Trojans thy hate bear ; if thy pity scan
Man's toils at all as wont, now, father, save
The fleet from flames, Troy's small hopes from a grave :
Or do thou, if merited, the one boon left,
Send me to death by fell bolt of life reft,
Here crush with thy right hand. Scarce had he prayed,
When, without stint, rages a storm dark made
By rain profusely poured ; with thunder shake
Heights of the earth and plains ; o'er the whole sky rake
Dread clouds rain-charged, most black with foul South fret.
From on high the holds are filled ; soaked with wet
The half burnt timbers : till all fire is quenched,
And the ships all, four lost, from ruin wrenched.

Greatly disturbèd by the sad event,
Father Æneas' anxious thoughts were bent
Diversely; weighing in his careful mind
If in Sicilian fields, he, to fates blind,
Should rest, or shores Italian try to reach.
Then the old Nautes, whom alone did teach
Tritonian Pallas and distinguished made
With mystic lore, by oracles bare laid
Both what the Gods' great anger might portend,
And what in order might the Fates intend.
Thus he Æneas' care alleviates:
O Goddess-born, let us, where'er the Fates,
Forward or backward, lead, our way pursue;
Be't what it may, patience all fortunes through
Victorious bears. You have, of race divine,
Dardanian Acestes: him combine
A willing counsellor in this your need.
To him commit all those who now exceed
The number, their ships lost: yourself select
Those your emprise and fortunes who respect
With tediousness; and old men bowed with years;
Mothers sea-sick; whate'er to you appears

To be infirm, or danger's face appalls,
And let them tired in this land build them walls.
The city Acesta they will call, with leave.

The aged sage's words were short reprieve:
To various cares his thoughts distracted fly.
And black Night in her two-yoke climb the sky.
Then from heaven gliding sudden did appear
Anchises' spectre, and thus claimed his ear:
Son!—dearer once than life, while life remained.
O Son!—by Trojan fates severely strained.
At the command I come of Jove, who late
The fired fleet saved, and did commiserate
From the high heavens at length.—Do thou firm hold
The counsels excellent which Nautes old
Now timely gives. Choice youths, and bravest hearts,
Lead down with thee into Italian parts:
A hardy race, and in their manners rude,
Must by thee in Latium be subdued.
But Pluto's homes infernal visit first,
And, from the deep Avernus' waters burst,
Seek thou, O Son, an interview with me;
For Tartarus, seat of impiety,

Nor the sad shades me hold ; but I do share
The pleasant councils of the good, and fare
In blest Elysium. Thither will thee lead,
But many dark backed oxen first must bleed,
The Sibyl chaste. Then all thy offspring thou
Shalt learn and future cities. Farewell now :
The dewy night her middle course exceeds,
And on me have breathed fell Sol's* panting steeds.
This said : like smoke it vanished in thin air.
Whither, Æneas cries, dost fleet ? and rare
Slinkest ? Whom dost thou flee ? or who thee drives
From my embrace ?—Then, straightway, he revives
The slumbering flames that in the ashes lay ;
And with fine flour and censer full does pay
To Trojan Larèſ† suppliant, as due,
Homage : at shrine of hoary Vesta too.
Forthwith his friends he calls, Acestes chief :
Jove's will, and his loved sire's behests, he brief
Unfolds, and purpose he now entertains.
No pause or hindrance to his plans remains
Nor does Acestes the commands oppose.
The mothers for the city they dispose,

And of a willing people names set down :
Minds nothing covetous of great renown.
Themselves the benches in the ships renew,
And the fire-eaten timbers, they, with care due,
Replace ; with oars, cables, them accommodate :
Their number small, their warlike spirit great.
Meanwhile Æneas with a plough defines
The city's limits, and the sites assigns ;
This to be Ilium,—those regions Troy.
Acestes does his sovereignty enjoy ;
A Forum does appoint, and rules propound.
Then Idalian Venus' fane they found
High on Erycinus ; priest and grove's gloom,
Wide famed, are added to Anchises' tomb.

Now have the people all full nine days spent
In feasts, and rites at altars, reverent ;
Peaceful winds have smoothed the seas with gentle sweep,
And Auster* breathing recalls to the deep.
Great wailing by the winding shores is heard ;
They, much embracing, day and night retard.
The very women now, the men who late
Did the sea's hideous look abominate, •

And its dread power detest, wish to depart;
And the way's ills would bear with cheerful heart.
Good Æneas them with kind words cheers
And to Acestes, kin, commends in tears.
Three calves to Eryx, and a lamb he then
Bids to the Tempestatès* to be slain;
And the ships' cables to be duly slipt.
His head with leaves of olive shorn equipt,
Standing afar upon the lofty prow,
He himself the cup holds; and forth does throw
The entrails consecrate into the brine,
And from the cup he pours the liquid wine.
A wind astern assists their parting way;
Eager the rowers pull and dash the spray.

But meanwhile, Venus, with great care oppressed,
To Neptune pours forth these plaints from her breast:
Juno's dire wrath and mind insatiate
Force me, O Neptune, down from high estate
To lowly suit. Time's waste nor any ruth
Her mitigates: Jove's will nor the Fates' truth
Subdues to quiet. To have with curst hate
Devoured, in middle of the Phrygian state,

A city's not enough ; the residue
Dragged to have through pains of every hue ;
She dead Troy's ashes, bones, must persecute.
She such ire's causes* haply can compute.
Thou art thyself my witness, how she quite
A hurlyburly lately did excite
Sudden in Libyan seas ; waves and sky she mixed,
On her Æolian storms vainly fixed
Her faith. In thy dominions this she dared.
Oh villainy ! lo ! also, having snared
The Trojan mothers, and them wild impelled,
She burned has the ships, and their friends compelled
To leave them, the fleet lost, on unknown shore.
What now remains : I thee have to implore,
That safe sails they to thee may through the main
Commit and may Laurentian Tiber gain.
If things allowed I ask ; if Fates decree
Those cities.—The ruler of the deep sea,
Saturnius, then spoke thus : 'Tis quite just
That thou shouldst place, Cytherèa, thy trust
In my domain, whence thou didst draw thy source.
I too deserve : the furies oft, by force,

And such great madness of the sky and sea
Have I restrained: nor less a care to me,
On land, was thine Æneas; I attest
Xanthus and Simois. When, with high crest
Urging, the Trojan bands exanimate
Achilles dashing was 'gainst the walls straight;
Thousands to death was sending; and replete
The rivers groaned; nor a way of retreat
Could Xanthus find into the sea: then I,
Soon as with brave Pelidès* I did spy
Æneas 'gaged, equal nor Gods nor might,
In hollow cloud him rescued from the fight:
Though I had wished from bottom to destroy
The walls, by my hands reared, of perjured Troy.
Still the same mind is mine; dispel thy fear:
Safe to Avernus' wished port shall he steer.
One only lost shall by the waves be driven,
Only one life for many saved be given.

When he had thus relieved the Goddess' care,
To chariot yoked the sire his mettled pair,
And with the foaming bits their fire restrains,
And from his hands pours loose the flowing reins.

Light in cerulean car the deep he skims.
The waves subside; the swollen surface swims,
And 'neath the sounding axle level cowers:
From the whole heavens shrink the gathered showers.
Then various shapes attendant are at hand:
As whales immense; and Glaucus' ancient band;
And Inus' son Palœmon; Tritons fleet;
And retinue of Phorcus, all complete:
On left part are Thetis and Melitè,
Virgin Panopèa and Nesœè,
Spio, Thalia, and Cymodocè.

Now through father Æneas' breast distraught
Unwonted feelings course with bland joys fraught.
Up he orders sudden all masts to be placed,
Yard-arms to be stretched, and the sails unbraced.
Together all made way; and now, at once,
Left bosoms slack,—the right now, as may chance;
At once the high booms veer and counter twist.
Such breezes bear the fleet as they would list.
First of close squadron Palinurus led;
By him to steer the rest were orderèd.

Almost already had the humid night
Attained the midway goal of heaven's height;

The rowers had their members laid to rest
Beside their oars on the hard seats, oppressed :
When Somnus,* gliding soft from lofty sky,
The dark air parted, made the shadows fly,
Thee seeking, Palinurus, fatal dreams
Bearing to thee innocent. Phorbas seems
The God, and sat him down on the poop high,
And thus proceeded straight to colloquy.
Safe, O Palinurus, the sea bears the fleet ;
Staid breezes blow ; the hour for rest is meet ;
Lay down thy head, from toil steal tired eyes,
Myself, the while, in thy stead will suffice.
To whom Palinurus, scarce raised his head :
Dost thou commend me to ignore, he said,
The look of placid sea and waves tranquil ?
Of such portent wouldest confidence instil ?
Wherefore Æneas to false winds commit,
So oft deceived by calm sky's counterfeit ?
He spoke, and clinging firm to helm attached
Ne'er quitted hold, and the stars constant watched.
Lo ! the God a spray, with dew Lethean† wet
And Stygian‡ lymph imbrued its power to whet,

O'er both his temples shakes, and his swimming eyes,
Faintly resisting, seals, with soft surprise.
Scarcely his limbs in unexpected sleep
Had he relaxed, but now immersèd deep,
When, o'er him bending, he, with wrenchèd part
Of poop and helm, the index of his art,
Cast him forth headlong to the liquid wave
Oft vainly calling on his friends to save.
Himself swift flying rose into thin air.

The fleet no less, reft of a leader's care,
Along the sea pursued its path secure,
Guarded by father Neptune's promise sure.
The Syrens' cliffs already so conveyed
It neared—dangerous at times and white o'erlaid
With many bones, the rocks then wide forth gave
The grumblings hoarse of the assiduous wave :—
When the father felt the drifting ship to stray,
Its master lost ; and himself rules its way
Through the night waters ; moaning much at heart,
And with his luckless friend grieved so to part.
Too trustful, Palinurus, of the sky
And sea calm, thou, on strange beach cast, shalt lie !

NOTES.

	PAGE
* Dido, Queen of Carthage, being deserted by <i>Aeneas</i> , after he had been hospitably entertained by her, and, contrary to the Fates, had led her to expect an alliance matrimonial as well as social, put an end to herself, on his departure: as described in the previous Book,	7
† Neptune—God of the Sea,.....	7
* Trinacrian—or Sicilian,.....	8
* Dardanus, the father of the Trojan race, was son of Jupiter or Jove, the King of the Gods,.....	9
* Penates—the images of certain Gods kept in the house : Household Gods,.....	10
* Aurora—Goddess of the Morning,.....	11
† Sacred Myrtle—sacred to Venus, Goddess of Love, the mother of <i>Aeneas</i> ,.....	11
‡ Ascanius, called also Iulus—son of <i>Aeneas</i> , and therefore grandson of Anchises,.....	11

NOTES.

PAGE		PAGE
	* Acheron—a river of the Infernal Regions: and hence, as here, representing the Infernal Regions,.....	13
	* Cori—the North West Winds,.....	14
	* Hectorian—from Hector the heroic son of Priam, King of Troy: whose name was dear to the Trojans,.....	18
	* Nereids—Nymphs of the Sea,.....	21
	* The royal boy—Ganymede, son of Tros, an ancient king of Troy, on account of his great beauty, was, while hunting on Mount Ida, carried off by an eagle, Jove's messenger, to be made cup-bearer to the Gods,.....	22
	† Ilium—a name of Troy,.....	22
	* Pallas or Minerva, the Goddess of Wisdom, presided over Spinning Weaving, &c., the arts here alluded to,.....	23
	* Paris—son of Priam, King of Troy,.....	28
	* Goddess-born—being son of Venus,	29
	* Eryx—brother of Æneas—received divine honors after his death,.	30
	* Alcides—a name of Hercules,	31
	* Cassandra—daughter of Priam, King of Troy, and a prophetess,.	44
	* Sol—the Sun, represented as riding in a chariot,.....	50
	† Lares—the spirits of departed parents, supposed to watch over the interests of the families they had left: worshipped as a distinct species of Gods, similar to the Penetès,.....	50

NOTES.

	PAGE
* Auster—the South Wind,.....	51
* Tempestates—Storm Goddesses,.....	52
* The chief cause here alluded to is the famous Judgment of Paris, by which the prize of beauty was awarded to Venus in compe- tition with Juno, Queen of the Gods, and Minerva, Goddess of Wisdom,.....	53
* Pelides—the son of Peleus, Achilles : whose superhuman deeds in arms, as described in the 21st Book of Homer's Iliad, are here alluded to,.....	54
* Somnus—God of Sleep,.....	56
† Lethean—from Lethè, a river of the Infernal Regions, the waters of which had the effect of causing forgetfulness, and hence also sleep, as here,.....	56
† Stygian—from Styx, a river or lake of the Infernal Regions,	56

